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THE WOMEN WHO DID

By

Mary Wolcott Green, A. B.

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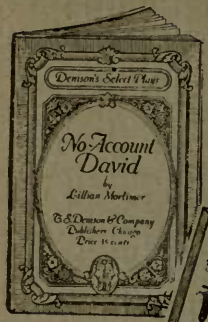

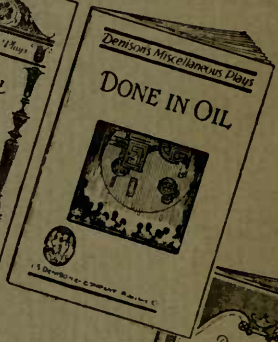

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY *Publishers*
623 South Wabash Ave. CHICAGO

The Women Who Did

A Dramatic Entertainment for Women Historical and Patriotic

BY

MARY WOLCOTT GREEN, A. B.

Regent, Staten Island Chapter, Daughters American Revolution.

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

THE WOMEN WHO DID

CHARACTERS.

GIRL.....*One Who Desires to See the Women of History*
GENIUS OF HISTORY.....
SPIRIT OF MODERN AMERICA.....*An Interrogation Point*
JUDITH.....*The Jewish Princess*
XANTIPPE.....*The Wife of Socrates*
ISABELLA.....*Queen of Spain*
CORNELIA.....*A Roman Matron*
MARY WASHINGTON.....*Mother of George Washington*
MOLLY PITCHER.....*The Heroine of Monmouth*
BETSEY ROSS.....*Maker of the Flag*
HANNAH .....*The Quakeress*
QUEEN ELIZABETH .....
THE INCA PRINCESS .....
EVANGELINE.....*The Maid of Arcadia*
MRS. MURRAY.....
Who Entertained the British so that Gen. Putnam Escaped
JINGU.....*A Corean Heroine*
POCAHONTAS .....
DANCERS FOR THE MINUET.....

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One Hour.*

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MADE IN U. S. A.

PROPERTIES.

A large book with dark cover having in large letters of gold the words, "History of the World," and some design such as a Swastica ornament on the cover. A screen which may be turned so that it is an exact replica of the book. A newspaper which is rustled just before the appearance of each character to represent the turning of leaves.

COSTUMES.

GIRL—A white dress of modern style.

GENIUS—Light green draperies with a gold crown and girdle.

SPIRIT OF MODERN AMERICA—Blue dress with white collar and red sash and tie. Large white interrogation marks (of paper muslin) should trim the skirt all around and small ones on the waist. She should wear two small American flags in her hair. A side pocket of her waist holds a small blank book and pencil, with which she keeps taking notes.

JUDITH—Red skirt and broad striped sash tied in front, loose white sleeveless waist, hair flowing, bound with chains. She carries a jeweled sword whose handle may be made with shaped cardboard and bright colored paper.

XANTIPPE—Greek dress, not white.

ISABELLA—Court dress, crown.

CORNELIA—White draperies edged with purple, large purple edged square for a headdress, held in place by a purple band.

MARY WASHINGTON—Black dress, kerchief, cap, bag of knitting on arm. Bag should also contain a little old hatchet.

MOLLY PITCHER—Tight fitting bodice, linen colored, full

2072795

short skirt, blue handkerchief knotted at throat, displaying neck; hair drawn tightly back.

BETSEY ROSS—Colonial costume, short skirt, buckles on shoes.

HANNAH, THE QUAKERESS—Plain gray bodice, full skirt, gray bonnet, white next to face, white kerchief; carries bag with blue knitted stocking leg with knitting needles in it, and a ball of yarn.

ELIZABETH—Court dress, crown and jewels.

INCA PRINCESS—Red loose draperies, gilded shoes without heels, hair braided and ornamented; heavy chains and jewelry.

EVANGELINE—Plain blue or gray gown, white cap, apron and kerchief.

MRS. MURRAY—Colonial costume, dark and rich looking, white ruffled cap.

JINGU—Japanese dress; carries a parasol.

POCAHONTAS—Indian dress, hair braided with feathers.

The minuet may be danced by children or by grown people of both sexes, or by girls or women. In the latter case one-half the dancers should be dressed in figured goods of one color and the remainder in figured goods of another. Any two tints may be used.

MATERIALS FOR COSTUMING.

For the Genius, Judith, Xantippe, Hannah and the Inca Princess the costumes should be from soft material like cheese cloth, so as to drape well. The dress for the Spirit of Modern America should be of wash material with sufficient starch in it to keep the folds from concealing the question marks, which are cut from paper or paper muslin. The dress for Molly Pitcher should be made of plain or checked material to resemble homespun. The under skirt for Betsey Ross should be made of cambric, as should also Mrs. Murray's, so as to resemble satin. The bodice for these as well as the overskirts gathered at a point and

looped back, should be from soft large figured goods such as cotton drapery.

The dress for Pocahontas may be made from brown cambric, to resemble leather. The fringe can be made of the cloth. Beads may be sewed in clusters over the skirt and waist. If impossible to obtain moccasins, sew beads on soft slippers or fringe around the top, to hang over; brown stockings should be worn and fringe sewed up the sides. Evangeline's dress may be made of plain blue chambray.

The dresses for the queens may be made of highly glazed cambric for the front and skirts, with soft materials for the drapery. A panel of white crepe paper for the front of the bodice and for the skirt may be painted with a design with gold paint, which gives a rich jeweled effect. The train may also be painted in the same way. The paper holds the paint better than cloth and does not show oil. If preferred, a border design of paper may be pasted around the train of Queen Elizabeth. The ruff may be of crepe paper or paper muslin. Queen Elizabeth's crown should rest high on top of the head, but Queen Isabella's comes down on the forehead. These may be made of wire strung with beads, or of pasteboard covered with gold paper with jeweled buttons or beads sewed on in designs.

THE SCREEN.

The screen is a double-swing three-paneled screen covered with red cloth, with the outer right panel having pasted across in large letters of gold, "History of the World." Below this should be some historical design such as the Swastica ornament. (See Figure 1.)

When the curtain goes up the right panel is folded tightly against the middle one, so that the letters do not show, and only the left panel and the middle panel are in view of the audience. (See Figure 2.)

When the girl has taken up the book whose cover is also of red cloth with the same design and letters of the screen, the screen slowly changes. This is done by some one unseen pushing the left panel against the middle at the same

time drawing out the right, so that the letters are toward the audience. (See Figure 3.) In both cases the screen resembles a book cover partly open, showing but two panels. Each time a character is desired Genius steps to screen, puts left hand on the cover (right panel) and with right hand rustles a paper to imitate sound of turning leaves. The characters come around the right panel as Genius steps aside. To the audience they appear to come out from the leaves. Characters also exit in same manner.

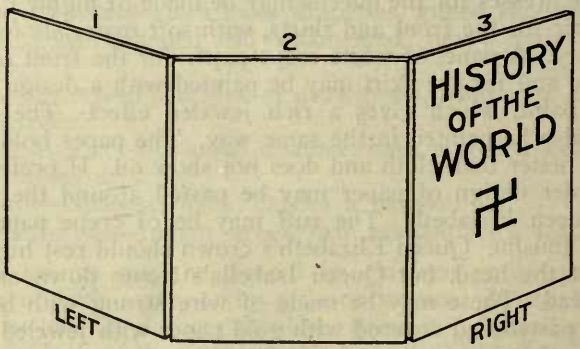

FIG. 1

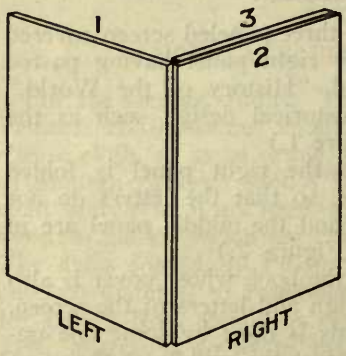

FIG. 2

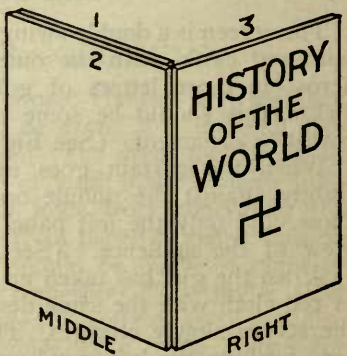

FIG. 3

THE WOMEN WHO DID

SCENE: *A living room with table at right center having a chair at either end of it. A couch at right rear. A large screen at left rear, before an entrance; several chairs; an arm chair for* MARY WASHINGTON *at left front near center; books on the table.* GIRL *discovered at left of table reading. The characters all enter and exit around screen as described on page ... Toward the end of the entertainment, when many characters are on the stage, the stage director must use care in having them well grouped.*

GIRL (*reading*)—

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As if it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, nor death, nor birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

(*Musing.*) Yes, that is right. That poem just expresses my thought. (*Stands and while talking walks around table at front.*) For in every great thing a man has done may be found a woman. While his hands have wrought the pillars and beams of the temple, it has been her faith in him and in the ultimate success of his undertaking that have made that success possible. But when a woman has done something truly great, she has had to stand alone. Most of her famous deeds have been accomplished in the face of great opposition. How I wish the days of fairy godmothers would

return! I would make my one wish to see the great women of history, those who have helped in the onward march of progress. (*Takes up large book and turns it so that the title plainly shows, "History of the World," at the same time seating herself. Sighing.*) But I suppose I must content myself with reading what someone has written about them, someone who hasn't seen them either, and wouldn't recognize them if he should. (*Reads. Screen slowly turns so that it stands representing the exact counterpart of the book the girl is reading.*)

GENIUS OF HISTORY *steps from the book.*

GIRL (*starting to her feet as looking up she sees visitor*). Who are you? Where did you come from? How did you get in?

GENIUS. I heard you wishing to know the women of history. I have made the journey across the space of centuries to meet your wish. I am the Genius of History. (*Walks toward front.*)

GIRL. Oh, how splendid! Then you can tell me of the people of the past, of those of whom I have read so much.

GENIUS. I and I alone can do this. I alone can remember back even to the dawn of the world. I alone can tell you of the great events of the centuries. I can tell you of Homer, the bard of the Greeks. I was with Cleopatra down the sleepy Nile. I witnessed the death of Cæsar. I shared the struggles of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. I alone knew the thoughts of the Man of Destiny as he stood looking out over the waters from his lonely rock of St. Helena. I stood beside Washington as mid snow and ice he cheered his brave band across the Delaware. Do you wish to hear of these?

GIRL. No. That would be wonderful, indeed. But I wish to see the manner of women who have helped to make the world's history.

GENIUS. Human nature is much the same in all lands. Each was hemmed in by the restrictions of her own times. But come with me, back over the ages. We will visit

Jeptha's daughter. You shall see Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and the mother of the Gracchi. But to do this you must come at once. Time is passing and we, too, must hasten. Come.

GIRL (*starting back*). Oh, no, no. It is hard to read of these dark times; but to be of them—no, I am afraid. If you could only summon them here. Could you?

GENIUS. It shall be done even as you wish, but it will not be quite the same. You cannot take a jewel from its setting and have its luster undimmed. But as you wish, so shall it be.

GIRL. Do you suppose I can understand their language?

GENIUS. Certainly. You understand the book you are reading, do you not? I shall simply transfer them from the written page to reality. Whom shall we have first? (*Goes to screen and character enters as described on page 6.*)

Enter SPIRIT OF MODERN AMERICA.

GIRL (*eyeing the dress of the* "SPIRIT"). Who is this strange person? She does not look like anyone in my history.

SPIRIT OF MODERN AMERICA. Properly speaking my name is found only in the preface to the third edition of this book. I am the Spirit of Modern America, first in war, first in peace, and first in the building of air ships.

GIRL (*walking around and examining the dress closely*). What are those curious emblems? They look like interrogation marks.

GENIUS. The Spirit of Modern America is given to questions and investigations. This is what makes her foremost in the world's activities. But I fear she is too much given to doubting. She takes nothing for granted. She even questions the truth of some of my best stories. George Washington and the cherry tree, Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer, and even questions Christopher Columbus and Paul Revere.

SPIRIT. That's right. "Believe every man a liar until he

proves the truth of his statements," is a good motto. Remember gold bricks are a modern invention.

GENIUS. Well, I've told you there is nothing found in fiction that hasn't its counterpart in history. So (*turning to* GIRL) name anyone you may wish to see and she shall be brought.

GIRL. Well, as an example of sublime courage, I've often thought Judith, she who slew Holoferness, the Assyrian leader to save the Jewish people, stood foremost. May I see her?

GENIUS (*goes to screen*). Even now she comes.

Enter JUDITH, *advancing slowly.*

GIRL. How beautiful! Just so must Judith have looked on that day over two thousand years ago when she went forth on her mission. Welcome, brave woman!

JUDITH. Where am I? Surely not again in the tent of our foe. Yet these have an unfamiliar look. Tell me who are you? Do you belong to the hated Assyrians?

GENIUS. I am the Genius of History. Here is a woman of a century long since that of your own who wishes to see and know you.

SPIRIT. Oh, please tell us all about the days when you fought the Assyrians and helped to save your race.

GIRL. Yes; tell us of that time, please. We should be so delighted to hear your story from your own lips.

JUDITH. How long ago I know not; but I remember as if it were now the death of my husband. Even while I mourned the departure of my life's light, came the word that Ozias, Prince of Judea, would surrender the city to the Assyrians in five days, leaving us to worship false gods. Even now rings in mine ears the wailings of my people. I thought of him whose courage might have saved us, and then there rose within me the thought to go forth myself. With my maid on one dark night I set out and at last came to the camp of mine enemies. As I passed along I prayed that it might be given that Holoferness might perish by the hand of a woman. So I remember how true my hand

was guided, and once more there was peace in all Judea. Then for me came long years full of quiet and rest until at last it was permitted me to sink into the long sleep, surrounded by the greatest honors of my time.

GIRL. It is hard to understand how you had the courage to do this.

JUDITH. It was the love of my husband, he who would have done the deed had he lived, that gave me strength and courage.

SPIRIT. Well, I've heard that love will drive one to strange deeds. I think I'll make a note of that.

JUDITH. No one was so happy as we, and in the long years that followed, how I missed him.

SPIRIT. She needs sympathy, and she shall have it. We ought to think of some one who could sympathize with her.

GIRL. There's Andromache, who was left to mourn the untimely death of Hector in battle. She should be sympathetic.

SPIRIT. Just the thing. We must hurry. There's no time to be lost. I'll open the book. (GENIUS *starts for screen but the* SPIRIT *gets there first.*)

Enter XANTIPPE.

GENIUS. This is Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, not Andromache.

SPIRIT (*meekly*). I was in such a hurry I must have opened at the wrong page.

GENIUS. That's the great trouble with you, Modern America. You hurry too much.

SPIRIT. Well, never mind, Xantippe. I wanted to see you anyway, though I don't know as you will be much comfort to this lady in the loss of her husband.

XANTIPPE. I do not care about any woman's husband but my own. Do you know anything about him? Here I am searching for him every day whenever I have his meals ready, while he runs the streets and talks. I never get a warm meal, for he never is there till they're cold. Besides I have to furnish the meals myself.

GIRL. When I've had to learn so much about Socrates, I have wished he talked less.

XANTIPPE. You would have liked it even less if you were his wife, and he never came home as long as there was anyone in the street. I've talked, and talked, and talked to him about it until I'm just tired of talking. If he doesn't do his duty, it is not from lack of knowing what it is. I'm sure I do mine in telling him of it, and what to do, even if he doesn't pay any attention to it.

GIRL. It's a pretty well known fact in history that you told him enough.

JUDITH (*rising and coming forward*). How strangely you speak. Did you not love your husband?

XANTIPPE. Do you suppose I should worry as I do if I did not? It is because I do care so much for him that I want him to do better. I don't like the neighbors talking about us.

SPIRIT (*writing in note book*). Did you ever hear the like? They had neighbors with neighborly ways, too. Think of this phase of love—because she loves, she scolds.

GENIUS. Now I am going to bring someone who should interest you both—Isabella of Spain.

GIRL. Indeed I shall be—

GENIUS *goes to screen. Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA.

ISABELLA (*walking slowly to front*). Strange places have I visited, from glittering palaces to bare cells. Strange people have met my eye, but never before have you crossed my path. Where am I?

GENIUS. Welcome, Isabella, Queen of Spain. You are here in the United States, a part of that America for whose finding you sacrificed your jewels. This is the land which Columbus found. (*Pointing to* GIRL.) This is a citizen of that country.

ISABELLA (facing GIRL). Are you then a loyal subject of Spain? Why do you not kneel? I had hoped that ere this all the barbarians would have been converted.

GIRL. We do not belong to Spain. Long ago we gave

up all allegiance to any power in Europe. We have a government of our own.

ISABELLA. This land is mine by right of discovery. I do not parley with rebellious subjects. I must summon at once the fleets and armies of Castile and Aragon and put down this uprising.

SPIRIT (*walking toward* ISABELLA). Advice is cheap, Isabella, but if I were you I shouldn't mention the name of the United States to the armies of Spain. They are inclined to be peevish at the sound of it.

ISABELLA (*haughtily*). Do you presume to advise the Queen?

GENIUS (*putting hand on* ISABELLA'S *left arm*). Long years have passed since your reign, and Spain has spread abroad her power, risen to be one of the foremost among the nations and declined again as any nation must which does not glorify labor.

ISABELLA (*crossing to left and seating herself*). I shall not give up my rights. Mine this country is and mine it shall be. Is it for nothing I sold my jewels, my beautiful jewels?

GIRL. Oh, speaking of jewels, may we see Cornelia with her jewels?

GENIUS. Cornelia shall be summoned, but the jewels must be omitted.

SPIRIT. I'm so disappointed. I really wanted to see those jewels. I always wondered about that jewel story, anyway.

ISABELLA. Her jewels can be no more beautiful than mine.

GENIUS *goes to screen. Enter* CORNELIA.

CORNELIA (*walks to center, front, looking around*). Here is a strange looking people, but I shall fear naught. What news is abroad in the Forum? Do they speak of war or peace? Who are you who stand gazing at the proudest mother of Rome? Why are you silent?

SPIRIT. We are silent simply because we haven't had a

chance to speak one word, and we are too polite to interrupt.

GIRL. You see here two daughters of America, a land of whose existence you never even dreamed. This is one who has known you well, as also your famous sons. This is a noble Jewish lady, a Greek matron, and here is one who was a queen of Spain.

CORNELIA. Spain? Spain? Is this Hispania, where dwelt that hated Tyrian race, the enemy ever of Rome?

ISABELLA. It was called Hispania. I know not why you should hate the race. But I am desirous of seeing your jewels. Bring them hither if you have them.

CORNELIA. My jewels? Then you must have heard the story. My jewels were my children. Have you not heard of the Gracchi? Listen, then, while I tell you of them, the noblest of Roman sons. My two boys, warriors, reflect great credit upon Rome. Their loyalty was equalled by none in the land.

ISABELLA. I, too, had noble sons and fair daughters.

SPIRIT (*aside to* GENIUS). They'll begin to quarrel pretty soon and then we'll have to arbitrate. Do let's have some one else. Can't we have George Washington's mother? (*To audience.*) He was a jewel to be proud of.

GENIUS. Certainly. I will gladly bring her. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter MARY WASHINGTON. GIRL *and* SPIRIT *advance to meet her and bring her to a chair at center front of stage.*

GIRL (*after* MARY WASHINGTON *is seated*). Mrs. Washington, we are pleased to greet you. As a true representative of American motherhood, who instilled the ideal of moral as well as physical courage in your son, we ask you to meet the famous women of other lands who are present.

MARY WASHINGTON. I am pleased to greet you. (*Takes out knitting work.*) You seem to be enjoying yourselves and I am glad to have this opportunity to visit you, but I do not wish to be idle.

GIRL. Mrs. Washington, will you please tell us about George?

SPIRIT. Yes, indeed. Was that story of the hatchet and the cherry tree really true?

MARY WASHINGTON (*laying aside knitting work and taking hatchet from bag*). Indeed it was. Here is the hatchet. I shall cherish it till my dying day. (SPIRIT *takes hatchet, looks at it carefully, then passes it along and begins to take notes. Each one takes the hatchet in turn except* ISABELLA *who turns disgustedly away. After all are through* MARY WASHINGTON *returns it to the bag.*)

SPIRIT (*sighing*). I'm so glad I proved that hatchet story true.

CORNELIA. You had a brave son. Then you must hear of mine, whose bravery has never been equalled, whose lives—

SPIRIT. Excuse me, please. Wait a little. (*Turning to* GENIUS.) She will be saying something putting down George Washington next. Then we'll have trouble. Bring in someone right away. Never mind who it is. Just open page 194 and see who'll be there.

GENIUS. You are always taking chances, gambling on everything. You should break yourself of the habit. I'll let you have your way just this once, though. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter MOLLY PITCHER.

SPIRIT. Molly Pitcher!

MOLLY PITCHER. Howdy' do? I just came in to see if there was any news today, or anything to be done.

GIRL. Welcome, brave Molly Pitcher. We are grateful for your company at this time.

SPIRIT (*aside*). There's more truth than poetry in that statement.

MOLLY PITCHER. Is this not the mother of our beloved Washington? (*Drops curtsey to* MARY WASHINGTON.)

MARY WASHINGTON. Greetings, brave woman. My son cherishes ever your brave deed.

ISABELLA. Who is this uncouth person?

XANTIPPE (*to* MOLLY PITCHER). Have you seen any-

thing of my husband, Socrates, as you came through the streets this morning?

MOLLY PITCHER. Me did you ask? I know naught of any woman's husband save my own. He fell in the bloody battle of Monmouth, and a braver man never entered a fight. But say, what is this meeting? Is there any trouble? If there is anything to be done, just say so, and Molly Pitcher is the one to do it. Out with it, I say. What is it?

XANTIPPE. I don't know either. If Socrates were only here he might tell, but I don't know where he is to ask him. He's probably asking questions somewhere to puzzle somebody.

SPIRIT. Well, if he were here in the United States now, he would find out he didn't know everything.

MOLLY PITCHER (*to* XANTIPPE). He must be a Yankee if he asks questions. But that's not an answer to mine. This surely is not a tea party or Mrs. Washington wouldn't be here. I've drunk no tea since the party in Boston harbor. (*Turning to* ISABELLA.) But there must be a reason for you to be rigged out in such togs. (*Fingers* ISABELLA'S *dress.*) Why don't you wear homespun and encourage the struggling boys?

ISABELLA. Keep your hands from the sacred person of her majesty.

CORNELIA (*to* MOLLY PITCHER). Strange woman, I know not who you are, but—

MOLLY. Well, never mind, you're as wise as I am about you. (*Surveys her.*) I never in all my life saw anyone that that looked like you.

CORNELIA. Ignorant woman. I am Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, the proudest mother in Rome.

MOLLY PITCHER. Poor children. Why don't you stay home and take care of them? Are they lost that you have no time even to dress before you go out on the street? Do you need help to find them?

SPIRIT (*to* GENIUS). She'll never understand. Can't you get someone to sing and make things pleasant? Molly will get us into trouble.

GENIUS. Yes, I'll bring in Betsey Ross.

GIRL. Could she sing?

GENIUS. She made the flag full of songs. While her busy fingers fashioned the stars and stripes, her voice was ever raised in song. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter BETSEY ROSS.

GIRL. Welcome, Betsey Ross, maker of the flag of the free! (*Goes forward and leads* BETSEY ROSS *down to the front, the* SPIRIT *following at right.*)

SPIRIT (*musing as she makes a note in her book*). Betsey Ross really was in existence, whether she made the flag or not. I must find that out before she leaves. (*To* BETSEY.) Mrs. Ross, will you tell us how you made the flag and sang?

BETSEY ROSS. Indeed I will. It was the great General Washington himself who hired it made. I am proud that I was chosen to make that flag which should symbolize liberty, a flag which is like the eternal stars, because it cannot be taken down. I can see it as it grew beneath my fingers, and whenever I look at it now the very stars seem to ring with the songs I sang. (*Steps to front of stage and sings: "Take Your Taxes Home, King George," or some other revolutionary song.*)

SPIRIT. Good, good. I shall never doubt again.

ISABELLA. I do not understand the purport of your song. Was there war in the land at this time?

MOLLY PITCHER. To be sure there was. I fought. I myself sent a few volleys into the British lion.

CORNELIA. Has woman, then, freedom in battle in this land? Goes she forth to fight? Perhaps the ruler is a woman?

SPIRIT. No; not yet, Cornelia. But we are advancing rapidly, and when we get a little further on the road to civilization in this as in other things, woman shall assume the sphere into which she properly belongs—the ruler of the country as she is now the ruler of the home. As far as battle is concerned—

MARY WASHINGTON. As far as battle is concerned woman's place is at home, not on battlefields, though we all love brave Molly Pitcher.

SPIRIT. Well, I believe if you have anything to fight for, fight.

GENIUS. The bloodless battles waged by women today, fought with courage but without the noise of cannon, are the great factors in world achievement.

GIRL. The battle of Hannah, the Quakeress, was bloodless, but well fought. May we see her?

GENIUS. Certainly. Here she comes, a brave woman with quiet ways. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter HANNAH, *who courtseys.*

HANNAH. Thee seems troubled by some problem. Can I help thee? Madam Washington, I greet thee.

SPIRIT. You can help me settle something if you will. Did you for a fact make those old Quakers who did not want to fight themselves, give up money to carry on the war, buying powder and supplies, or not? Is that a myth?

HANNAH (*seating herself*). Thee must let me sit down and take my knitting. The story is true, but I know not who told thee. The Quakers did not want to fight, but I could not bear that my Isaac should not do for our country, so when they voted, I listened. When I heard my Isaac vote, I entered and spake to them.

GIRL. Will you please tell us what you said?

HANNAH. If I remember rightly I said, "Thy Tory gold is not needed, for God is on our side." Then I said to Isaac firmly: "Thou mayst have thy house and thy king; I have my country and I have no traitor husband." They listened to reason and considered, so I left them to be as generous as they wished. 'Twas very little to do. They only needed a persuasive tongue.

XANTIPPE. Well, I'd have told them in a few words what I thought. I'd have told it emphatically, too. They'd have had no doubt as to where I stood if I had been there.

HANNAH. I think they understood me.

SPIRIT. If history tells the truth,, their answer was in gold, which often speaks louder than words. Will you tell us what you think of woman's rights?

HANNAH. I believe woman should try all arts of peace and accomplish her deeds through her husband.

SPIRIT. We are not all supplied with such. We haven't all of us your persuasive ways and we are not all so fair to look upon.

GENIUS. I'll bring in one who accomplished much by herself—Queen Elizabeth. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH (*looking about her*). Forsooth, 'tis a merry crowd, but know you not 'tis the Queen enters? Why kneel you not before the sovereign? (*To* ISABELLA.) 'Tis passing strange thy face is the only one familiar to me. Who are you?

ISABELLA. I know you not, but indeed if you have wisdom you should know me. I am Isabella of Spain.

ELIZABETH. Yes, I bethink me. 'Twas thy portrait I have seen, no doubt. What do ye here? Dost make a holiday with thy companions?

ISABELLA. Alas, I know naught of these except that they seem rebellious subjects of that land for which I sacrificed much. Further I cannot tell.

ELIZBETH. Strange tales have reached mine ears of that land and its people. What manner of customs have they? Why came they here? Seek they anything of their sovereign? Let them please to tell me. If it be ought in reason, Elizabeth will not turn them away.

ISABELLA. But this America is mine, by all rights of discovery. How dare you claim it?

ELIZABETH. Indeed, methinks the claim of Spain to dispute England's rights was long settled ago ago by England's valiant men, and a merry day it was when the Spanish fleets were lost. What is this country by name?

GIRL. This is called the United States of America.

ELIZABETH. 'Tis perchance one of the small dependencies of England?

SPIRIT. Well, England depends on us when she needs a good sound thrashing, and she has never yet appealed in vain.

ELIZABETH. Do you mock me? Odd's life. Have a care how you joke. (*To* MARY WASHINGTON.) Arise, my good woman, and let your queen be seated in this chair.

MOLLY PITCHER. No, indeed! Now you just step back or I may forget I'm not facing the English at Monmouth.

ELIZABETH. Death of my life! Dost dare speak thus to your sovereign? What ignorance of custom! Royalty forsooth has ever first place in all lands.

SPIRIT. Nor is the United States behind. You see the ruler of the highest kingdom on earth, the noblest type of royalty—the American mother.

ELIZABETH. 'Tis strange, the manners of these people to their queen.

ISABELLA (*standing*). I told you I am their rightful queen. What have you given for this country? I gave my jewels.

MOLLY (*coming to center of stage*). You? What was your gift beside mine? A few old stones compared with my husband's life? (*To* ELIZABETH.) Did you sacrifice your husband?

ELIZABETH. My husband? Surely the woman is mad. Hast never heard of Elizabeth, the virgin queen?

SPIRIT (*taking out note book*). That makes me think. There was something I wanted to ask. Did you really love Essex? Why did you not marry?

ELIZABETH. At my feet were many suitors, mighty men of intellect, courageous and brave sought the hand of Elizabeth. Statesmen versed in the laws of many lands, poets, dreamers, travelers from far and wide sought my companionship. Mine was the age of art and letters. For love of Essex I did much, but never could Elizabeth stoop to marry any mortal. I held the admiration of many.

SPIRIT. Well, that setttes that point anyway. (*Writes*

in book.) She did love him, she says. That's what I could never settle.

MOLLY PITCHER. If you loved him, 'twould have been more to your credit, if he wanted you, to have married him. Did he ever ask you?

ELIZABETH. Woman, do you mean to insult me? Get from my sight.

MOLLY PITCHER. Now, this is a free country. I've fought the British once and I don't mind trying it again. you had better keep back a little or Sergeant Molly will show you what fight means.

SPIRIT. Oh, what shall we do? Can't someone think of something lively to change the subject?

BETSEY. You might have some dancing. How I would like to see a minuet!

MARY WASHINGTON. And I, too.

SPIRIT. The dances we know are not much like the stately minuet. In fact, I'm sure they'll not suit you at all. (*To* GENIUS.) Could you show us a minuet?

GENIUS. Certainly. It is described in the book. You must make room for them. (GENIUS *goes to screen and* DANCERS *appear, while the others move table and chairs back. When the minuet is over* GENIUS *goes to screen and the* DANCERS *return as they entered. The others place the furniture just as it was before.*)

BETSEY. How that makes me think of old times. If Mr. Ross were only here, I should not mind taking a few steps myself.

SPIRIT. She will be trying it next. Do bring in someone who owns neither the earth nor sea, nor even thinks she does.

GENIUS (*goes to screen*). Here is one ready to come from the first pages of the book. Do you recognize her?

Enter the INCA PRINCESS.

GIRL (*in astonishment*). The Inca Princess! Welcome indeed is this representative of the earliest in America.

PRINCESS. I have traveled far in distance and time, and

now I know not whither I am bound nor whom I behold. Tell me, who are you? (*Turning to* ISABELLA.)

ISABELLA. I am Queen of Spain, Isabella. Of these others I know but little, except they refuse to recognize their rightful sovereign, whose sacrifice gave them the rich land of America.

PRINCESS. Are you from that land whence came the hated conquerors of Peru, my country?

ISABELLA. I, with my beloved husband, King Ferdinand, ruled a united Spain. 'Twas for his sake I wished to extend the kingdom. (SPIRIT *takes out a pencil at mention of the king and begins to write rapidly*). Did you know Pizarro and DeSoto?

PRINCESS. Even though I hated the conquerors of my country, the despoilers of our race, I could kiss the hand of her who speaks his name. (*Stoops and lifts* ISABELLA'S *hand and kisses it.*) I loved Hernando DeSoto. I gave my time caring for him while he lay sick with fever, although my kindness to him received the deserved reward of hatred and death from mine own people. We dare much for love. I saved his life to lose my own.

JUDITH (*rising and coming forward*). Could I have saved my husband's life with my own, how gladly would I have done it.

GIRL. That reminds me of another perfect example of woman's devotion—Evangeline. May I see her, or isn't she in the book?

GENIUS. Certainly. She is so closely allied to history as to be always mentioned. Even now she comes with her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue. This is as she was while yet on her search of Gabriel. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter EVANGELINE.

GENIUS. Evangeline, your sad story has touched all hearts and we have summoned you here to tell us the story of your wanderings.

EVANGELINE. I can only think of Gabriel, and pray again to behold him. Within my heart is his image clothed

in the beauty of love and youth, as last I beheld him, only more beautiful grown by his deathlike silence and absence. 'Tis said that far to the north and east in the Michigan forests Gabriel has his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River. Hast thou seen him?

GIRL (*aside*). Isn't it pitiful? (*To* EVANGELINE.) No, we cannot tell you where he is.

SPIRIT. It is a pity they didn't wait till the days of telegraphs and telephones to show such devotion. Let's have something lively to cheer her.

BETSEY. I'll sing. (*Steps to the front and sings "Yankee Doodle".*)

ELIZABETH. Thy voice is sweet; 'tis a pity thou hast no better words to sing.

SPIRIT. A bit of singing together with a good dinner saved the country once—at least it saved a general with four thousand men. May we see Mrs. Murray?

GENIUS. Certainly, you may. A charming woman. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter MRS. MURRAY. *Curtseys.*

GENIUS. Mrs. Murray, these ladies are desirous of hearing how you entertained the British officers so General Putnam and his men could march across New York and escape.

MRS. MURRAY. La, that is easy enough to tell. I just prepared them the most tempting meal I knew how to get. The way to a man's heart is not always through his stomach, but the way to keep his heart is to keep him well fed. Mr. Murray and I loved each other devotedly, and next to each other stood in affection our country. We were acquainted with the British officers, so we entertained them and at the same time helped our country. La me, how gay we were, and how we laughed at their stories and pressed them to remain just a little longer, until we were quite sure that every American soldier was on his way to safety.

HANNAH. Thee showed good judgment.

GIRL. That's the kind of stories I like to hear, not sad

ones nor creepy ones full of fighting, especially where woman is concerned. Still I wanted to see all kinds.

SPIRIT. Oh, I wanted to see some good woman warrior. Now there's that Japanese heroine, Jingu, who won Corea by her valor. May we see her?

GENIUS. I will gladly bring her. Okinaga Tarashihime, we have summoned you here to meet the most famous women of all ages, and beg you to tell us of your victory. (*Goes to screen.*)

Enter JINGU.

JINGU. I, the insignificant wife of the Mikado Chinai, I heard a voice from afar bidding me go to a strange land across the water of which nothing was known. My dear husband did but doubt, so when he was slain, I, unworthy as I was to follow his noble feet, took his place at the head of the army and started to follow the behest of the voice from afar. I said to the soldiers, "On this voyage depends the glory or ruin of our country. I am a woman and young. If we are wise and valiant a wealthy country shall be ours. If we succeed, the glory shall be yours. If through evil fortune we fail, on me shall lie all guilt and disgrace. We won. The spirit of Peace guided and protected us. The spirt of War guided our ships across the seas. For this my son Ojim was much beloved. He was a great warrior.

CORNELIA (*coming forward*). My two sons were also noble warriors. I am Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi.

ELIZABETH. The woman's tale held much of interest, although the name of the country is unfamiliar. Is it part of that land which Raleigh settled in honor of me, the Virgin Queen?

BETSEY. No, it's not a part of our land.

ISABELLA. Your land? The land is mine, nor (*turning to* ELIZABETH) is my land to be named for you, either. (*While saying this she walks the left center of the stage.*)

BETSEY. I said my land.

ISABELLA. Who are you? Surely not a part of any royal family that you should make claim to dispute a queen.

MOLLY PITCHER. She made her country's flag. What higher honor could anyone wish?

ISABELLA. She sews well, perhaps, but I am queen by divine right—Isabella of Spain.

ELIZABETH (*stepping to front at left center*). And I, too, by divine right, Elizabeth, Queen of England.

BETSEY (*raising small flag and stepping between the two queens*). I had rather have been the maker of the stars and stripes than been queen of the proudest country of Europe.

HANNAH. Thou hast spirit, friend Betsey.

GENIUS. Time is passing and I must again make my rounds over the earth. Is there anyone else you wish to see?

SPIRIT. Yes, may we see Pocahontas? (*Aside.*) I just want to settle that question while I have the opportunity. (*Opens note book.* JINGU *seated on the floor.*)

GENIUS (*goes to screen*). Enter Pocahontas, brave woman.

Enter POCAHONTAS.

ELIZABETH. Surely I have seen that face. Isn't not Lady Rebecca?

POCAHONTAS. 'Tis the queen. (*Kneels before* ELIZABETH *and kisses her hand.*)

ISABELLA. The barbarians called Indians recognize the custom of saluting a queen. 'Twould be well if you, too, should take a lesson.

SPIRIT. Well, you both ought to be satisfied now. You've each been properly saluted by the aborigines of America. But tell us, Pocahontas, did you really save the life of Captain John Smith?

POCAHONTAS. Truly I did. He was my hero. The white man delighted ever the childish heart of the daughter of the great Chief Powhattan. The chieftain, my father, loved me, so when the white man, my friend, was to be killed, was it strange that I should beg his life? My father granted the boon I asked, and ever after was friendship between the men of our tribe and the white brothers.

After my marriage I went to great England, and was called Lady Rebecca, but my heart remained in the free forests of my childhood, and every sun brought a desire to return. In all that grandeur was nothing so pleasing to me as the silent forests through which my childish feet had wandered. Tell me, do they yet remain, and can I once more roam at will through their trackless depths?

GENIUS. Civilization, that destroyer, has felled wantonly the virgin forests so familiar to you. In their stead have sprung up happy homes and prosperous villages. What has been done cannot be undone. It is the price of advancement. But (*turning to go*) my time is ended. These must return whence they came. As far and wide their lives were lived so must they separate again and return.

GENIUS *goes to screen and all pass out, leaving* GENIUS, GIRL *and* SPIRIT *standing.*

GENIUS. Daughter of America, study well these famous women. I, who have seen kings and kingdoms rise and fall, have watched the steady advance of the race to which you belong. So long as she preserves the simple faith of her forefathers, so long as she worships the God who guided them across unknown seas to build homes, so long as she glorifies labor, not wealth, so long will this country continue foremost among nations. Study well the past. (GIRL *sinks into chair where she sat to read the history.*)

SPIRIT. The Genius of History has told you to study these women of the past. I say look to the present. We live today two lives where those lived but one. The past is of use only to help advance the future. "He who has no pride in his ancestors will have none in his descendants." Go forward, thankful that to you it is given to belong to a nation which exalts, not degrades, its women, which is reaching a civilization undreamed of in the past. Go forward. Build for the future. (GENIUS *and* SPIRIT *pass out at same time turning the screen around.*)

GIRL (*rouses and starts to find herself alone.*) Why, I must have been dreaming. (*Stands.*) How real it all

seemed! I must have seen them. After all (*turning to audience*) do you suppose there was always a man in the case?

CURTAIN.

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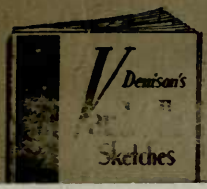

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